

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheekke, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, i't were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispiht of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandar, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

Prince of Denmark

This man shall set me packing,
He luge the guts into the neighbour
Mother good night indeed, this Countesse
Is now most still, most secret, and most
Who was in life a most foolish prattler
Come sir, to draw toward an end
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Enter King, and Queene,
and Gyldestern*

King. There's matter in these sighs
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a li
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I done?

King. What Gertrard, how dooest thou?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind w
Which is the mightier, in his lawles
Behind the Arras hearing some thing
Whys out his Rapier, cryes a Rat
And in this brainish apprehension
The vnscene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been
His libertie is full of threatens to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd,
This mad young man; but so much
We would not vnderstand what w
But like the owner of a foule diseas
To keepe it from divulging, let it
Euen on the pith of life: where is he?

Ger. To draw apart the body h
Ore whom, his very madnes like so
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shoves it selfe pure, a weeper for

King. O Gertrard, come away,

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